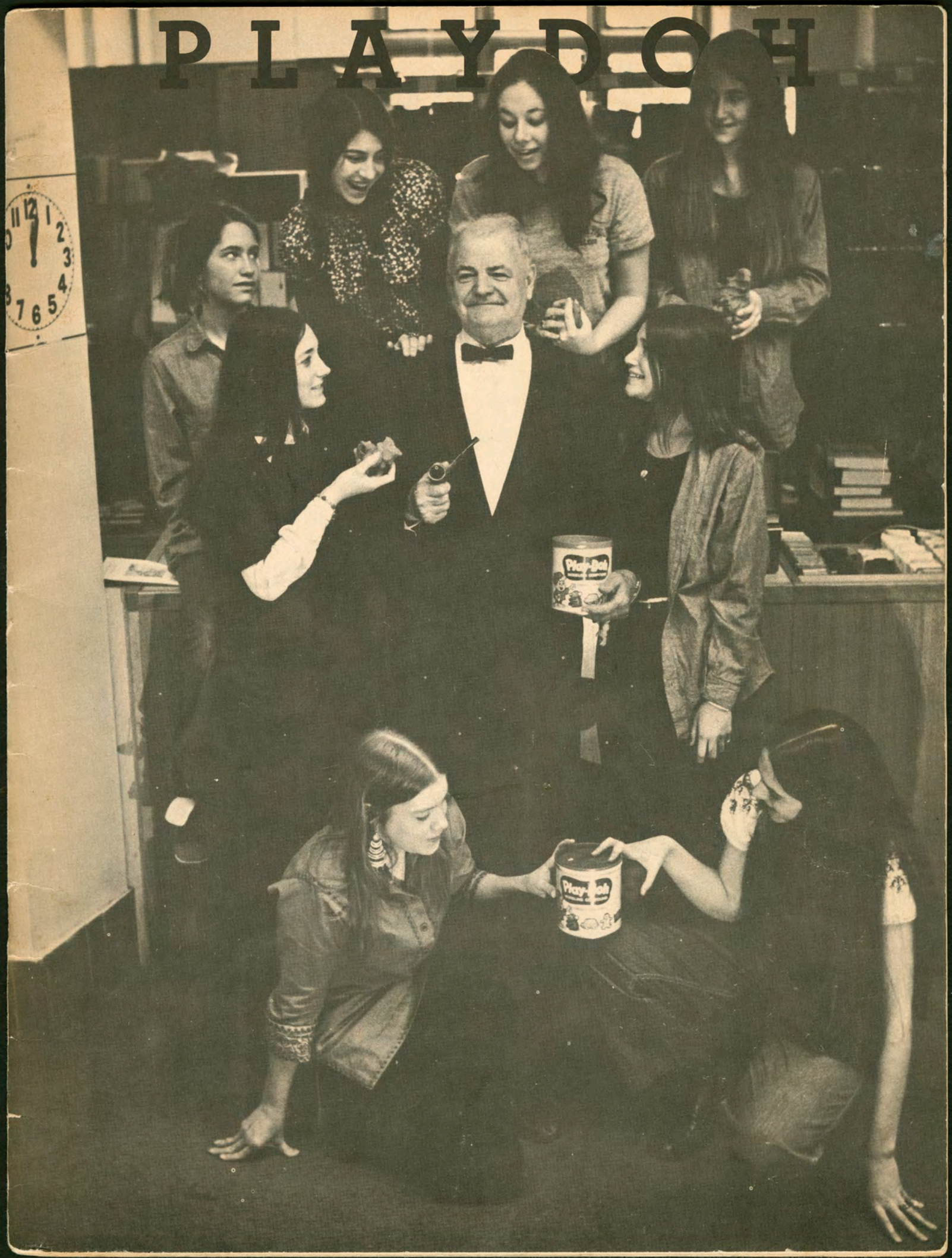
PLAYDOH



CLINTON (Special) Take advantage of the 800 acres of snow covered tundra at the **PLAYDOH** Humbleman-Kuirkland Winter Hideaway at a picturesque and sometimes nauseous Clinton, New Dork, at the Charter Rate of only $1800 for an exciting four months of snow-packed excitement if you order your **PLAYDOH** Club Key-Card today.

The 159th debut of this isolated resort this January coincides with the 94th birthday of famed support purchaser and phantom of the squash courts Foxy Moxy. Permanently ensconced in this new paradise, is **PLAYDOH's** jovial and debonnaire scion, Winton Trolles. He personally has seen to every detail from the lovely nine-hole golf course carved out of a deserted cemetery to the cavernous Ellen Curtiss James Romper Room. Realizing that fine cuisine is essential to any resort, Trolles has gone to great expense to hire Louie of East Utica to oversee the food preparation. Any sporting activity falls into the capable hands of friendly Lyle Jeffries, the Northland's renowned towel chucker and basketball pumper. Special attention has been given to the nightlife at the Hideaway, in fact, an entire committee has been established to book anonymous acts to provide mediocre entertainment. Also, insipid publications abound to satisfy the culturally depraved. Truly this is a unique experience so apply for your key now under our charter rate.

Although isolated from the bustle of any large city, the Hideaway is easily accessible (if the planes are flying) by either dog sled or snow shoe. So please hurry and accept Winton Trolles' personal invitation to join him here before the spring thaw sets in.

PLAYDOH is the humor issue of **The Spectator**, February 27, 1971. It is intended in jest and any implication of defamation of character is unintentional. This edition is published this once and never again, with malice toward none and charity toward all, by the staff of **The Spectator**, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York; Editor-in-Chief, Ronald J. Bruck.

PLAYDOH

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Fredric Axelrod ..... Conscience

If you think this year's humor issue of the *Spectator* is funny, you should have heard last year's issue. We say heard and not read because last year's issue was a record – stereophonic and long-playing. It features candid conversation with Presidents Chandler and Babbitt, Deans Tolles and DePuy, and Professor Wertimer was thrown in because he used to be a dean. It is also the first and only record with the original cut of Kirkland's alma mater, of course in a folk rendition. And finally, you will discover some of the best and worst dumps on some of your best friends and best enemies and even on people you don't know and have never heard of. The record, titled "ROOTS" is on sale at the bookstore. If you don't see it, ask for it. They have plenty of copies.

PLAYDOH AFTER HOURS

Well, kids, it's time again for **PLAYDOH AFTER HOURS**. The staff got together this month and, in its search for innovative material and gimmicks, decided to print, instead of an expose on the Night Life of Humbleman and Kuirkland Colleges, a blank page, which, in itself would have been somewhat of a social statement; but our esteemed war correspondent, Won Duct, decided that such a statement was hackneyed, with dull paraphrasing, especially on the bottom. He voted on the matter, came up with snake eyes, and proceeded to the financial aid office for corrective lenses. Needless to say, Won Duct was out of sight then and there.

Some of you may remember last month's cute lines on the night life as seen from the blurred and bloodshot eyes of one of our staff members attending one of those famed faculty stag parties. Then again, some of you may not have read it, as his watered descriptions of the "dirty deed" were graphic to a point that no one but the staff members and chosen secretaries from the Humbleman Associate Dean's Office were allowed to read it. And besides, the pictures were marred beyond use when the stag kicked the cameraman. But, that was last month.

This month, kiddies, the introduction of yet another sport has caused tremors in the social whirl of Humbleman and Kuirkland. Snow plowing by the light of the midnight oil is now an exciting and new sport. In fact, it is so new, that the rules are really flexible and few people have gotten a full game down, but even then, none have really won. The students get plowed, the faculty gets plowed, the administration gets plowed, the maintenance staff gets plowed, and even some of the townies are seen to imbibe now and then; but the roads, which, by the rules of the game, are the real objective, have yet to be plowed. It seems that everyone is getting plowed, but with the rules so flexible, no one ever gets around to the road. We understand that the Chief Gamesman and the man responsible for this new game, L.L. Jetsetter, is unavailable for comment, but was last seen driving a recently acquired 4-ton caterpillar tractor/snowplow on Route A1A in Miami Beach, Florida.

A recent poll indicated that the following **AFTER HOURS** activities stacked up in the following order or preference. Drinking, sleep, drinking, monopolie, drinking, and the dirty deed. Strangely, the poll covered an equal number of students from each of the playgrounds.

Dumbham Dormitory is making the news these days, and in our esteemed opinion, the news is a very lovely companion indeed. Wild rumors have spread about a strange fever which affected nearly the entire populace of the recently condemned tenement. The health center has released a report that the germ is a not so rare form of *acutis hornensis cabinesus*, and several of the nurses have offered their services in combatting the fever.

And so, Kiddies, as the dawn breaks on Humbleman students returning from Kuirkland, and Kuirkland students returning from Humbleman, **PLAYDOH** leaves you with this elevating thought: After you've passed your fourteenth birthday, it will never again be too late to be after hours, so live, love, remember the fast easy service of the New Dork State Abortion Board, and don't give a damn if there are coed dorms or not.

*

Sign of the times: At Kuirkland, there is a bulletin board in the administration office with the heading "TODAY'S CRISIS."

*

The word from the Gryphon grapevine is that a funky chemistry major has just developed a powerful new antidote for LSD and STP that's guaranteed to bring you down. He calls it TDX.

*

We discovered in the College Bookstore a new volume titled *Bookbinding for Beginners*. The book was bound upside down.

*

Believe it or not, readers, this really happened. A Kuirkland assistant professor was riding along the Thruway one day when suddenly his car caught fire. He pulled over to the side of the road and waited for a service man to come. When the mechanic arrived, he took one look at the engine and said, "There's no oil in your engine. Mister, your car needs oil." The professor stared at the mechanic and said dumbfoundedly, "I didn't know cars need oil."

*

Sign of the Times Department, Fine Arts Division: It required two days for the judges at the Kuirkland Arts Center exhibit to realize they had given the top prize to the curator's wall map of the New Dork Thruway system.

*

When a new brassiere with the brand name Embargo captured the hearts of

Kuirkland students, both dealers and buyers of ladies' apparel in Clinton spent a long time scratching their heads in an effort to learn the secret of its popularity. Finally, a sharp-eyed Humbleman student happened to notice the name reflected backward in the window of a store.

*

After studying social problems for three years, the Humbleman Trustee *Ad Hoc* Committee on Student Life made only one recommendation to the College: Another study committee should be formed immediately.

*

In the men's room of Truax Hall, one proclamation stood out from the rest of the graffiti: THIS WALL WILL SOON BE OUT IN PAPERBACK.

*

Lucky residents of Humbleman and Kuirkland have an erudite – but practical – mystic on campus, judging by an advertisement in the *Spectator:* "PARAPSYCHOLOGICAL INSIGHTS, poems, paintings, ink blots, handwriting analysis, Chinese lessons, lectures on the Far East. Also ironing, $1 an hour. 853-6151 Ext. 333.

*

Graffito spotted on the wall at McEwen Hall: ENOVID TAKES THE WORRY OUT OF BEING CLOSE.

PUBLICATIONS

Never one to let grass grow under its feet, this week's issue of the *Humbleman-Kuirkland Muckrake* has moved on to bigger and better orgasmic thrills of enjoyability. Thanks to a completely irrevelant set of 8 x 10 glossy photographs and a new collapsible format, this brilliant afterbirth of reporting refuse and elemental expostulation leaves nothing to be desired. Editor-in-chief and spare-time exhibitionist Ronald Bruck's cover story, "Woman Gives Birth to Paraplegic Frog" provides excellent after-dinner reading, while Fashion Editor and oft-criticized dandy Frederick Axelrod has outdone himself with "Why I Wear Leather *Chez Moi*." Combine these with political commentator Jaime E. Yordan's report, "Yellow Journalism; Japan and Puerto Rico, Crossing The Chink.", and the result is ten of the most beautifully insolent yet marvelously irresponsible pages of quick wit and abhorrent stupidity ever printed. Also particularly attractive are the articles on the Sports page; the Humbleman Basketball team seems to be doing quite well, as is the abortion bus that runs weekly between Kuirkland College and New Dork City. In any case, the perfunctory syntax and lack of interesting material has brought the *Muckrake* a long way; this week it will go public on the American Stock Exchange, on sale at newsstands throughout Times Square, and has just recently been offered a contract by Grove Press of Yucca Blvd. in Hollywood, Calif. Pick up your copy tomorrow.

*

Another publication that merits attention is this year's edition of the Humbleman College Yearbook, aptly and unimaginatively called *The Humbletonian*. Following deservedly in the footsteps of other pugnaciously defensive yet obviously offensive material likewise printed at this upstate New Dork refuge for the illiterate, *The Humbletonian* devestates the taste, revolts the esophagus, and completely satisfies s the reader. Complete with wonderfully obscene photographs of graduating seniors (arranged by fraternity and digital affiliation), resplendent with numerous glossy photo sets of different but nevertheless distinguished faculty in naughty, compromining positions (which, in addition, may be obtained *sine qua non* for only $4.98 and a signed pledge that you are over 30), and enlightened by the phenomenally diverse and brilliantly rhetorical descriptions of local clubs and organizations (example: "This is the Geology Club; it busts its rocks."), the issue definitely contains much intellectual quagmire for the romantic and anti-sentimental alike. The particularly perverted will undoubtedly savor the candidly cute renderings of the Infirmary after hours, the curious will adore on-the-spot interviews with gregarious college librarian what's-his-name, and the homespun will love the sincere, neat and keen pictures of the Dean at work, the Dean at play, and the Dean at his favorite establishment on Rte. 5-A. On the whole, this publication is a prize-winning portfolio of popular and pornographic cornucopia; in fact, it won the Cinema 257 award for photographical layout at last year's Overcoat Rental Festival. A sure bet.

RECORDS

Crummy Concerts II is the second effort by the new and upcoming 13 piece hard rock-soul-folk-jazz-bubble gum aggregation called the *Student Entertainment Committee*, on the Robbery Records Label. Like their first abortion, this organization's ability varies with each number; unfortunately as far as this album is concerned, the overall picture created is both good and miserable. Still, however, some cuts reflect lucid tapestries of sound that maintain a definite rhythmic intensity, and are most obviously enjoyable. *Turned Away at The Door*, featuring the subtle screaming of guest Jim Morgan (courtesy of Born Loser Records), and the straight-ahead basswork of "Super Fast and Quick" Ed Farkas is a catchy tune, while lead guitarist "Down Home Country and Soft Spoken" Josiah Simpson elucidates a heavy bag on *Take the Money and Run*. Perhaps the finest cut on the album though, is the morally offensive and uniquely trashy *Screw The Student*, a foot-stomping, rib-tickling, knee-smashing song about a socially diseased tax, which demonstrates the unity of the group. All the hard work here is done by the lyricist, lead singer and keyboard man "Scary But Slow" Dave Robertson, whose solo organ is enough to make it. Some additional innovation is provided by tenor trumpet "Bobby Pee" Phillips, who, even though he doesn't play on the album at all, contributes a great deal by just being cool. Noteworthy performances are also turned in by alto flutist "Follower" John Hysell, a great musician and superb at always doing what everyone else is always doing, and former super hot Top 40 disc-jockey-turned rock-star, Bass zither player and ego-maniac Nick "the Breather" Schwartz. On the whole, the effort is not all that bad, and the group is trying to get its head together, as well as unify itself. On second thought though, the album is all that bad. In fact, it's truly horrible. It will probably be a foreshadowing of their impending doom in the recording business. Gee, that's too bad.

THE PLAYDOH ADVISOR

I attend a small liberal arts college in upstate New Dork and find myself in a most awkward situation. There is a young lass on this campus who is into the Lance Rentzel bag, constantly exposing herself to me and making lewd and licentious advances toward me. Of course because of my unfaltering love for hockey and unanswering desire to save myself for my wife, I find myself in a constantly embarassing position. What should I do? – L.T.Gray

Don't worry, Humbleman's monastic qualities can't help but spare your rod and thus enable you, in due time, to spoil your children with physical deformities.

My boyfriend has foresaken me. I am small, dumpy, and horizontally oriented with a withered breast slightly left of the small of my back, braces on my left leg, teeth and ear, varicose veins on my forehead, terminal acne, and I am a hemophiliac. However, I have a nice personality, all the girls like me, I make all my own clothes, rang doorbells for Harold Stassen, play church league basketball, and am president of the local chapter of the Julius LaRosa fan club. How can I start anew? – D.Bagge

Get a catalogue and apply to Kuirkland College. You are its admissions director's dream student. This year the school has so few applicants you are almost assured of acceptance.

I am a professor at a small upstate New Dork college and am having trouble giving my lectures on Constitutional Lore without bringing up stupid, inane jokes with sexual connotations that succeed in arousing no one in the class from their deep slumber for the slightest chuckle. Am I perverted or is it my hairstyle, or lack thereof? – Gee Glandon Godwell

Try styling your hair with Preparation H.

I am a college student who has an uncontrollable desire to attain power and what I believe to be prestigious positions. I go around the campus saying, "Hi, I'm Stove Beaker, president of the Stupid Senate and head of a thousand organizations that'll try anything," and people only comment on my ridiculously phony Canadian accent. Furthermore, I am suffering from the heartbreak of psoriasis. What's a student to do? – Stove Beaker

The only thing we can suggest is applying for a Winter Study scholarship to McGill University where you can take a crash course to perfect your Canadian accent; or you can take courses at Brooklyn College where nobody knows the difference. At any rate, for your contributions and suffering, we want to nominate you for the Steve Joffe Champion of Lost Causes Memorial Award.

Last night as I lay in Dumbham Dorm listening to Kate Smith sing a medley of her hit, I found myself fondling a huge overheated anvil. My advisor entered the room, asked what I was doing and calmly proceeded to prod and poke me with a French extension, saying, "You're doing fine, just don't let me catch you smoking dope in here." At this time, my television mysteriously turned itself on and began a rerun of Ralph Edwards and "This is Your Life". I became uncontrollably aroused and saw visions of incredible perversions with a Flavor Straw. Is there something wrong with my sexual urges, or was it just the meal at (Selective) Service Systems? – Phallic Fetish

Although you, as well as most, could not get anything off of old fat Kate, one always has to go beyond the reality of an anvil, sort of tit for tat, and vice versa. Most Humbleman College students suffer from anvil fetishes on cold wintry nights. We suggest that you investigate the various facsimilies attending Kuirkland to satisfy your urges.

I was at Psi Zoo for a cocktail party and found myself strongly attracted to a girl there. I would like to know if it's acceptable to write to her and ask for a date. If you don't consider a letter acceptable, tell me what would be a proper approach. – Chipsie

If you met her at Psi Zoo a last minute phone call will suffice.

Is there a proper way to drink from a bota without letting the last few drops of wine run down your front and without touching your mouth to the spout of the bag (as was demonstrated by the sophisticates at Pigma Sty)? – Danny Deke

As the age old axiom goes, no matter how much you jiggle and dance, the last few drops go down your pants.

I am a professor at a small men's liberal arts college in upstate New Dork. I am a white liberal and try to prove it by finding Negroes who will play tennis with me. However, at a white college such as Humbleman, it is difficult to find any Negroes who play tennis. How can I continue to prove I'm a liberal? –Chatham Bulldog Righteously

Go to Chad. There are Black government officials there who love to play tennis with visiting professors from small men's liberal arts colleges.

I have a problem. I am a psychology professor and have been thrice mistaken for a rat in the last week. Actually, I find myself quite attracted to the little furry fellows and wish that I too had a rasp-like tail. Can you inform me on the possibilities of inbreeding human traits to white, laboratory rats? – Third Floor George

Just as many people often resemble their pets' physical traits, it is quite possible that you have picked up the rats' traits after working with them for so long. We suggest that you stop using rats in your experiments, and find another animal with which you would care to identify. You might want to try ELSies for the transformation from rats to turkeys is a rather simple and short process.

When eating out at the Alexei Humbleman Inn, is it proper to order *Beaujolais de la Muffe '69* or *Chateau la Rouge de Bushe '33* with red meat? – Connie Sewer

It doesn't make any difference because they're both pink inside. However, at the Alexei Humbleman Inn you won't find either vintage on the wine list. The Inn only has three wines from swhich to choose: "Gallo Burgundy," "Thunderbird," and "Ripple Pagan Pink." We suggest you eat elsewhere.

All irrelevant questions - from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette – will be snidely answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to **THE PLAYDOH ADVISOR**, *Box 69, Humbleman and Kuirkland Colleges, Clinton, New Dork 13323. The most lewd and licentious queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

Playdoh Interviews

Paul Barter ----- Vice President and Provost Paul Barter is the man with the powers of the purse in Butticks Hall. The only thing he values more than the Humbleman budget is his fast-fading James Bond image. Before coming to Humbleman, he served as assistant provost at Columbia University. He had the good fortune to be there in the spring of 1968 and developed an everlasting friendship with Mark Rudd.

Doris Foulmouth ------ was appointed Dean of Administration at Kuirkland a year ago. She was attracted to Kuirkland because it is "living in the lost decade of the twentieth century," something she enjoys doing vigorously herself. Mrs. Foulmouth wishes to discuss with students individually "where they are and what they ought to be." Hopefully the Dean will find out where she herself is and where she ought to go. Mrs. Foulmouth's candid figures of speech have already left their mark in the Kuirkland adminstration office. Students are waiting patiently for her knowledge to catch up with her vocabulary.

Erik MacDildo -- Noted Professor of Language Appreciation and successful Swimming Coach at Humbleman College, Erik MacDildo combines the best of depth, interest, and intelligence in a personality that is at once alive and genuine. Born, reared, and educated in the Charles River, "Coach" as he is affectionately known to his friends, worked as a barber, bouncer, and shoeshine boy before coming to Humbleman. Easily one of the most popular teachers on campus, we are thankful that he has consented to lend us his simple prose and simple mind for this interview.

Because of her experience in the CIA Betty Boop requested we print her picture in invisible ink. If you rub the space with a cloth dipped in buttermilk, her picture will appear.

Betty Boop ---- Kuirkland's counterpart to Colonel Gout, Betty Boop, comes straight to the campus from the romantic and thrilling position of female advisor to the top CIA agents in Washington. Her selectively militaristic tendencies are still apparent, as each morning interested students might find her hustling young girls on special tactile maneuvers, leading calisthenics, and other important, educational things. She keeps herself fit by changing students' rooms at least three times a year, and is often seen riding her bicycle in zig-zag patterns on Kuirkland Road.

Gil Gout ----- Assistant to the President and landlord of Humbleman College Gil Gout is perhaps the most dynamic and swashbuckling personage found in and around the Clinton area. Former commercial airline pilot and chairman of the Peter Piper Paper Plane Club, Gout has agreed to head a ROTC program at Humbleman if the college ever decides it wants one: his most recent successes include a request to change the campus dormitories into barracks and an appointment to Humbleman's committee on Un-American activities.

Five Easy Pieces

PLAYDOH: More and more Kuirkland girls are walking around campus braless. What do you think of this new trend?

BETTY BOOP: It's disgusting.

PAUL BARTER: If a student does not choose to wear a brassiere, that means that her wardrobe expenditure is reduced by $24.76 per annum; therefore, if the trend continues, Kuirkland could, in the foreseeable future, raise tuition by the same amount.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, I think it's an expression of self-love.

GIL GOUT: What those girls who walk around without bras need is a good stiff kick in the behind.

PLAYDOH: What are your feelings on coordination between the two colleges?

ERIK MACDILDO: Unless the broads know how to swim, I don't think we ought to let them use any of our facilities.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, coordination reminds me of simultaneous climax.

GIL GOUT: The problems that have been encountered with coordination are very similar to maneuvers. There's always a problem of coordinating ground troop movement with air support.

BETTY BOOP: Kuirkland has shown Humbleman how a liberal arts college should be run, if it is to raise its standards of academic excellence.

PLAYDOH: What do you think of the new library?

PAUL BARTER: At the present time, the administration can't decide whether to give glassware or coffee mugs with every ten-gallon purchase.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, the silos are incredibly phallic.

GIL GOUT: Wouldn't it be great if the trustees would let us put a Minuteman Missile in one of those silos?

ERIK MACDILDO: I'm just glad they didn't put it on my lacrosse field.

PLAYDOH: What do you think of *Portnoy's Complaint*?

GIL GOUT: What's the matter . . . doesn't he like his dormitory room?

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, it reminds me more of Humbleman life than *The Sterile Cuckoo*.

PAUL BARTER: My wife doesn't let me read books like that.

BETTY BOOP: The Chairman of the Humbleman English Deparment read the library's copy first, and hi-lited all the good parts.

PLAYDOH: If the world were to come to an end and you knew that you would be the last person on earth and could choose something to save, what would you choose?

BETTY BOOP: My bicycle.

ERIK MACDILDO: Don Schollander.

PAUL BARTER: Morningside Heights.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, my husband's paintings.

GIL GOUT: My Porsche.

PLAYDOH: What do you think of the U-2 reconnaissance flights out of Gryphiss Air Force Base over the Humbleman/Kuirkland Campus?

GIL GOUT: Some of my best friends fly those planes.

BETTY BOOP: If the State Department is behind it, I support it 100%.

PLAYDOH: If you could add one thing to the campus, what would it be?

GIL GOUT: ROTC!

BETTY BOOP: Squirrels.

ERIK MACDILDO: Don Schollander.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, Grove Press.

PAUL BARTER: Money.

PLAYDOH: If you could take away one thing already a part of the campus, what would it be?

GIL GOUT: Rooming Assignments.

BETTY BOOP: Humbleman.

ERIK MACDILDO: Kuirkland.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, the Associate Dean's office at Humbleman.

PAUL BARTER: The *Spectator*.

PLAYDOH: What do you think of Coed Dormitories?

GIL GOUT: I don't need this. The last thing I want is a bunch of screaming females in my office complaining about their rooms.

PAUL BARTER: Well, this is a very difficult question to answer. There are a number of areas which must be taken into account when considering the question of coed dormitories. A cost analysis study must be completed. We have to take into consideration the effect this may have on the janitorial services, heat, cost of lightbulbs, use of the water-softener, depreciation allowances on the buildings, and of course, overcrowding in the classrooms. I wouldn't want to hazard a guess as to how long this study may take to complete, but the cost of such a study must itself be taken into consideration.

ERIK MACDILDO: In my opinion, the students who want Coed Dorms are the ones who can't get it any other way.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, I think it's a good idea, but I question whether or not the Humbleman student is mature enough to cope with the daily diversions. You know, they're almost as docile as the Humbleman faculty.

PLAYDOH: What do you think of the drug problem on campus?

GIL GOUT: If it's good enough for the US Army, it's good enough for Humbleman.

ERIK MACDILDO: If I catch one of my swimmers smoking LSD, I'll shave his head.

BETTY BOOP: It was never a problem at the State Department.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, student drug abuse is an expression of self-hate.

PLAYDOH: Is there anything else that any of you would like to say that hasn't been covered in the interview?

GIL GOUT: I would just like to tell your readers how happy I am to be back here on the Humbleman campus. It does my heart good to see such fine lads enjoying themselves the way Humbleman students do. And Humbleman offers them a truly efficient educational experience. It prepares the Adolescent for a tour of duty in Laos or Cambodia or any other godforsaken country our fine President Nixon decides to involve us in. I'm also glad to see so many students wearing military shirts and jackets these days. It just goes to show that the Humbleman student knows who to identify with.

DORIS FOULMOUTH: Fuck, I have a lot of things to say, but what I want to say you probably wouldn't print. But I'm going to say them anyway....

BETTY BOOP: Yes.

ERIK MACDILDO: You look pretty strong. Have you ever thought about going out for the Swimming Team?

PAUL BARTER: I have just one question. How much is this magazine going to cost us?

sst! You can get some great shots from the Chapel Tower!

The Sadder but Wiser Bud

BY JEAN SHEEPSKIN

Two days left. No, closer to 47 hours now, I thought, as I lit up my Camel and contemplated my 12 oz. Negi Orange. Well, actually, more like 7½ now – I've always been a helluva gulper.

Yeah, I'm a helluva drinker, but a real stud needs a date for Winter Carnival! Adventure. Excitement. Romance. I ferociously butted out my cigarette three times – one time in honor of each girl that shot me down for this weekend. I felt like Don Jones at the end of the Wesleyan game or like Coach Murphy at the end of every game. I could be redeemed only by my roommate's steady girl. I knew it was a rush job, but I hoped Elkie could swing it.

I had just nudged off my T.S. Mocs and headed for the rack when my roommate skipped in, unfurled his 12 foot buff and blue scarf, yanked off his Peruvian ski-mask, and threw aside his Sears and Roebuck "Sir Edmund Hillary" mountain climbing coat. Sensing he had peeled off enough, Phil came right to the point and delivered my verdict for the weekend.

"Hey, Bud," he said, "we got ya a date."

"Outa sight!" She gotta name?

"Yeah, she's Elkie's roommate, Roberta Hazleton. Her old man's a dendrochronologist for the Park Service."

"No shit, he times dendrones?"

"No, he counts tree rings, you cretin."

"Well, that's great, but what's she do?" I said, unavoidably exposing my deviant sexual cravings. "I mean ... uh ... I mean what's she like, you know?"

"Hey, don't sweat it. She's really a nice kid."

Desiring a bit more precise information, I laid a clever verbal trap, "Thanks, but is she good looking?"

"NO, really, she is. She's uh, very, um ... um ... smart. Yea, very smart."

"I know, but ..."

"And not only that, Bud, she was All-State in field hockey ... helluva slapshot I hear ... boy'd she'd just rear back and let that ol' ball fly."

"No, Phil, looks! Looks!"

"And is she creative! She really spins a mean wheel in pottery class. Why just last week she turned out a left-handed water pitcher, three ashtrays, and a ceramic duck. And lemme tell you – that's really good speed."

Beginning to sense that Phil was hedging the question, I fidgeted in my chair and went for another

Camel. "Hey, Phil, what is the story?"

"Oh, yeah, hey! She's got a great sense of humor, too. Why this one time..."

"Jesus Christ! Is she good lookin' or not?", I cried.

"Look, you gotta date, so shut up!"

"That bad, huh," I mumbled, and took a long, resigned drag on my cigarette.

"Hey Bud, hey Bud, – c'mon rally. We've gotta go get the girls."

"Huh? Get the gir....? Yeah sure, I'll be right with you."

"No, now, you drunk. The bus is due in fifteen minutes. It's already eight twenty." Just then the Chapel bell rang fourteen times verifying Phil's statement.

I felt for my head with both hands, making contact with only one. Encouraged by my initial success, I tackled the next maneuver – sitting up. I swung what felt like my legs over the edge of the couch, held a sitting position for an instant, and then pitched forward on to the floor. Gracefully touching down on my chin, I skidded to a stop directly in front of my nearly drained bottle of "Wild Rodent" bourbon. Breaking into a broad and now toothless smile, I snatched up the bottle, hoisted it to my lips and let the warm "Rodent" run down my throat.

"That'll bolster your courage," Phil sneered, as he gently grabbed me by the neck and jerked me to my feet. Phil was always looking after me.

"Come on, let's go," he yelled.

Reeking of alcohol and just a bit unkempt, Phil and I headed toward the bus station and toward my dorm. We arrived a little late, and rushing to make up for lost time, I inadvertently slammed the car door on my coat. Unflustered, I carried on toward the station, leaving a good hunk of my coat in the jaws of the door. Now mini-coated, bleary-eyed and still nauseous, I careened through the doorway and pulled up short when I spotted Phil with two female forms in the distance. Clutching the stalk of a plastic rubber plant for balance, I waited as the fuzzy figures approached.

"Oh, Naomi, this is Bud Wyser. Bud, meet Naomi Pratt. You two should get along just fine."

My head bowed in agony, I slowly lifted it, my eyes catching first the square buckle fashionably adorning her chic Borsolino peasant boots. Next they travelled up the rough hide of her genuine African elk bell-bottoms and then to the simple elegance of her Marlin Perkins Safari jacket. With a courageous gulp, I raised my head and beheld a beautiful girl – not the disfigured visage I had anticipated, but a truly gorgeous face. Could this be my date?

"Hi, Bud, glad to meet you. Roberta is real sorry that she couldn't make it but she got hit by a runaway bobsled – didn't hurt her much, just shook her up a bit. I offered to fill in and here I am, I guess."

"Oh, hi,", I muttered, my rapier-like wit honed to its finest cutting edge.

Before I could capitalize on my initial humorous remark, Phil interrupted, "Hey team, let's split! We've got a funky function to go to."

The formalities finished, we four filed into Phil's Ford Falcon – '62 and baby blue. Phil's machine was something else. It had required one entire summer for him to chromeplate his hi-rise manifold, race tune his headers, bore and stroke his cylinders and bronze his baby booties. We simply called it his car, but he affectionately called it "Little Winton."

Crouched at the curb, "Little Winton" alternately wheezed and coughed. Feeling his little baby was ready, Phil fought it into first. It was immediately seized by an automotive spasm, but the mechanical wonder recovered and sped fratward.

After unloading at the lodge, we proceeded to our room and deposited the girls' baggage. Already swept up in the carnival spirit, we broke into a foot race toward Room 8 and toward the liquor. With Phil running interference, we had no problem clearing a path to the punch bowl. It was such a curious concoction that I dared not inquire about either its name or contents. Bypassing the dipper completely, I plunged my cup deep into the sauce, inhaled fully (perhaps for the last time), and downed the viscous liquid. Again elbowing my way into a crowd that surrounded the potion like elephants at a watering hole, I raised my cup-hand high, ready for the second assault when I recalled that my date was *sans boire*. Not only that – but she hadn't even had a drink yet. Quickly remembering the etiquette that fraternity life had instilled in me, I thrust a full cup in her hands, a portion of which sloshed its way down the front of her blouse.

"Oh, thank you, Bud, how considerate of you, but I don't drink – is there any ginger ale around?"

"Uh ... Uh ... ginger ale? Oh, why sure," I said, simultaneously wondering exactly what type of creature this was.

"Yes, Bud, uh, Fuzzy Bear brand, if you have it. I just adore the cuddly little bear on the can," Naomi added.

"Oh, yeah, sure – Fuzzy Bear, the ... uh ... King of Ginger Ales. Excuse me for a second, Naomi, while I get it – here, you can chat with ... uh ... Peter Pentagon for a while."

Stumbling over sitting bodies, kicking several outstretched legs and leaving countless spilled drinks in my wake, I finally made the door. Gotta hurry, I told myself – can't leave my date long with that guy or she'd be just another notch in his bedpost.

Moments later I returned, breathless and tired from having lugged my all purpose **PLAYDOH** bar accessory kit and my very last six-pack of Fuzzy Bear from my room. Perhaps I had overdone it, but, after all, nothing is too good for my date! As I entered the room, my worst fears were confirmed. There was that snake charming my date. Not even the pounding, blaring stereophonic vibrations could distract me from the treachery in the corner. Every second counted now. I panicked, charging toward them as if no one else were in the room. I slipped, then stumbled over Joel Feiberg's plaster leg cast. My hands instinctively released both my six-pack and my party kit. They hurtled through the air – the six-pack struck the wall and rebounded into the uncovered aquarium near the bookshelf while the Kit showered the room with cellophane swizzle sticks and personalized bunny napkins. In the meantime, I had deftly managed to lodge the toe of my right Weejun into the conical tweeter of Jeff's speaker and was tugging valiantly to extricate it. I finally did, and convinced that even studs get a bad break now and then, I grabbed the sleeve of my Date's still wet blouse and headed out. But we were there long enough to see one of my submerged cans explode and send a geyser of water, ginger ale, and three baby barracudas high into the air.

The next morning I was jolted awake by 150 shrieking decibels of hard driving soul laid down by Big Mama and the Soul Kitchen. Shit. It's eight in the morning and some son of a bitch is playing jungle music already. No more sleep today, I though, as I threw off the old mangy curtain I had used for a blanket. Christ, how the hell did I end up here on the boiler room steps? There's no way of knowing where my date is. I vaguely recall running into Moose last night – maybe he'll know.

Continued on page 22

I wonder what they're using the old Theta Delt House for this year?

What Sort of Student Reads

PLAYDOH

PLAYDOH Unfolds

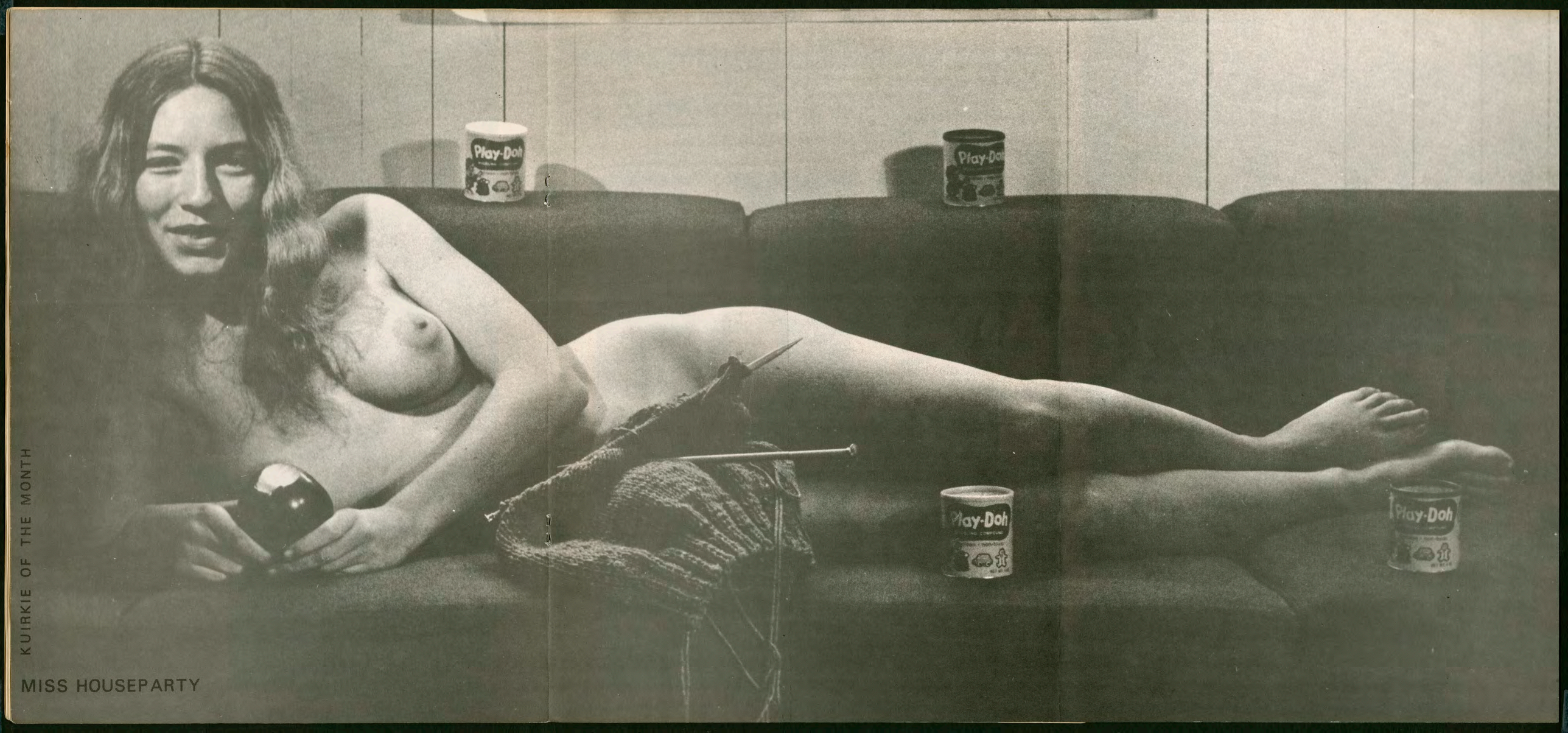
Connie Cause

"There are so many people who need help, and I just want to help in as many ways as possible." says this month's **PLAYDOH** gatefold girl, Connie Cause. Yrot Nosnhoj discovered and photographed our Connie late last spring just after she jumped on the stage of a chapel in upstate New Dork to demonstrate her enthusiasm for the *TURN IN YOUR SAVINGS BONDS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY (WHICH HAPPENED TO BE ON A SUNDAY LAST YEAR) MOVEMENT*. At first Connie was hesitant to pose for our photographer, but after he explained the benefits and opportunities that are offered to all playmates, plus the promise of a house party date, she agreed.

"I love snow, cats and getting involved with worthwhile groups. I'm head of the radish and cucumber boycott at Kuirkland." Because she is a college student, we thought that Connie's time would be very valuable and filled with hours of studying and classes. "Oh no," she exclaimed, "My college advisor at Miss Porter's told me all about Kuirkland. That's why I came here. Because of the progressive system of scholastics at Kuirkland I have more than enough time to get involved in as many things as possible."

Connie admits to not being very well known at her college. Instead of dating the men at a nearby men's college ("They're always gone over the weekend or drunk.") she spends her few free nights knitting or watching television ("I cried when I saw *Courtship of Eddie's Father* last night and I think Mike Douglas and Merv Griffin are fantastic.)

Playmate Connie's plans for the future include world travel and raising a family with exactly 2.3 children on a farm in Alaska where she will be able to carry on her many causes. She will begin these plans in a year, after she has transferred to another school. "I know after what I've said about school, that sounds funny, and I'm very happy here but I'm unhappy. And so many of my friends have left or are leaving, so there's no reason for me to stay. Anyway, there are only so many things that you can do in this portion of New Dork. If I go to another school, there will be hundreds of causes I can get involved in." We will be sad at Connie's departure and our memory of her and her causes will remain for a very short time.



KUIRKIE OF THE MONTH

MISS HOUSEPARTY

Top Left: Relaxing on her 85' by 35' mauve but plush carpet, Connie whiles away the time on a typical dreary afternoon with her constant companion, Schlong, an inbred black lapping dog. Later, she relaxes with her other constant companion, her television, and watches her favorite soap opera (top right). Below: Caught by our camera during a moment of intense reflection, Connie partakes in a typical Kuirkland pastime, knitting, in preparation for her upcoming transfer and upcoming boyfriend.

PLAYDOH'S HOUSEPARTY JOKES

Our Coordinate College Dictionary defines *bulldozer* as a Kuirkland freshman who sleeps through core lectures.

Coming home early from the college one afternoon, the associate professor found his wife lying naked in bed, breathing heavily and clearly distracted.

"Alice, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I think I'm having a heart attack," she gasped.

Quickly he rushed downstairs to the phone and was dialing the health center when his son hurried in and exclaimed: "Daddy! There's a naked man in the front closet."

Going over to the closet, the associate professor opened the door and found the chairman of his department cowering there. "For God's sake, Frank," blustered the husband, "my wife is upstairs having a heart attack and here you are sneaking around scaring the children."

Our Coordinate College Dictionary defines *low-class brothel* as McIntosh Dormitory.

Doctor," explained the frustrated Humbleman freshman, "every night I have the same strange dream. Beautiful Kuirkland girls sneak into my room and try to seduce me."

"Well what do you do?" asked Dr. Mumbleberry.

"Nothing. I keep pushing them away."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Please doc," pleaded the freshman, "break my arms."

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today," a wise old professor once told us, "because if you enjoy it today, you can do it again tomorrow."

While he was struggling with a jammed cigarette machine in the snack bar at Bristol, the Humbleman student's hand slipped off the knob and his elbow struck a passing Kuirkland girl on the chest.

"I'm terribly sorry," the student said. "But if your heart is as soft as your breast, you'll forgive me."

"Oh I do," she answered with a warm smile. "And if the rest of you is as hard as your elbow, my room is 114 Major."

While studying in Paris, the Humbleman junior cabled his wealthy father: "PLEASE SEND $300. AM GOING TO THE COUNTRY TO VISIT A FRENCH COUNT."

Cabled his father in reply: "NOT ANOTHER DIME UNTIL YOU LEARN HOW TO SPELL."

The crowded elevator in Bristol had just begun to rise when a well-stacked Kuirkland girl screamed and said, "I've been geesed!"

You mean you've been goosed," corrected the professor standing next her.

"I can count," came her sarcastic reply.

Our Coordinate College Dictionary defines *transvestite* as a fellow who likes to eat, drink, and join Delta Phi.

A Humbleman student drove his Caz date to the top of hill on Skyline Drive for a sexual interlude. They got out of the car, but the girl had reservations about making love in the open, so the boy suggested they crawl under the car, where no one could possibly see them. They were locked in passionate embrace when an authoritative voice demanded to know what the hell they thought they were doing.

Without looking up the Humbleman student answered, "Fixing the transmission."

"Oh, yeah," snapped the state trooper. "Well you'd better fix your brakes, too. Your car is at the bottom of the hill."

How do Kuirkland girls get their minks? The same way minks get minks.

A new potency pill developed for Humbleman students on Houseparty weekends has only one drawback – if it's swallowed too slowly, the user winds up with a stiff neck.

Our Coordinate College Dictionary defines *cooperative girl* as a Kuirkland student who reclines to answer the question.

Our Research Department informs us that today's most common form of marriage proposal on the Hill is: "You're **what!?**"

We've heard that the College Chaplain has officiated at so many shotgun weddings that he has decided to rename the Chapel Winchester Cathedral.

Our Coordinate College Dictionary defines *snake dancer* as a Kuirkland student who can writhe to the occasion.

Heard a lousy one lately? Send it on a postcard to Houseparty Jokes Editor, **PLAYDOH**, *Box 69, Humbleman&Kuirkland Colleges, Clinton, New Dork, 13323, and earn a can of Playdoh for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for the last card received. Payment cannot always be guaranteed.*

Club Horseshoe

PLAYDOH Travelogue

Silhouetted the window of the east wing, Reginald (on the left) *and Adriana embrace each other meaningfully.*

"A student's excesses depend upon the class to which he belongs. By observing his excesses we can tell whether he is living studenthood-at-its-best."

If we are to take Confucius' axiom to heart, there can be little more to say about this new Winter Wonderland save that which is transmitted by the thousands of words from a picture. As you descend from the mountain top suite provided on this snowy fun campus, plush rows of trees covered with winter's tears line the distinctly pleasurable Routes 12 and 5, only to be interrupted by a quaint rural gas station or motel. Only four miles from your womb-like residence, you come upon an establishment distinctive by its lost twentieth century exterior. You have arrived at the HORSESHOE BAR.

As you enter its main room, the hilarity and frivolity overwhelms the senses. A cheery voice, either that of Anthony Spinoza or his eye-opening wife Barb, *les patrons* of the establishment, greets you with open palms to the HORSESHOE. Already renowned in Hollywood as a favorite watering hole for such distinguished celebrities as Liza Minelli and Wendell Burton, to mention two, the SHOE is fast gaining recognition as one of the must stops for students who live studenthood-at-its-best.

As is the case in London, Paris, and Geneva, activities commence only after midnight and end, except for those with feint hearts, only after the sun has arisen. There is little lacking within this carnival atmosphere – if pinball is your game, a machine that challenges even the wizard is provided in the east wing where facilities can be found for the men (and there are no towel men that need to be tipped).

If pinball does not suit your taste, a bowling alley (the building is quite large – in fact a tropical aquarium and three-hole miniature golf course are being planned for the more sedate) complete with six separate games and places for six *bon vivants* to participate for amusement and pleasure.

The pinnacle of competitive games is found in the main room. A great expanse of greenery, measuring five-and-a-half feet by three, with little orifices situated strategically bouncing from rail to rail and into one of six pockets – all costing only twenty-five cents, or the equivalent in any foreign currency.

When the pangs of hunger and need for drink overcome you, suitable

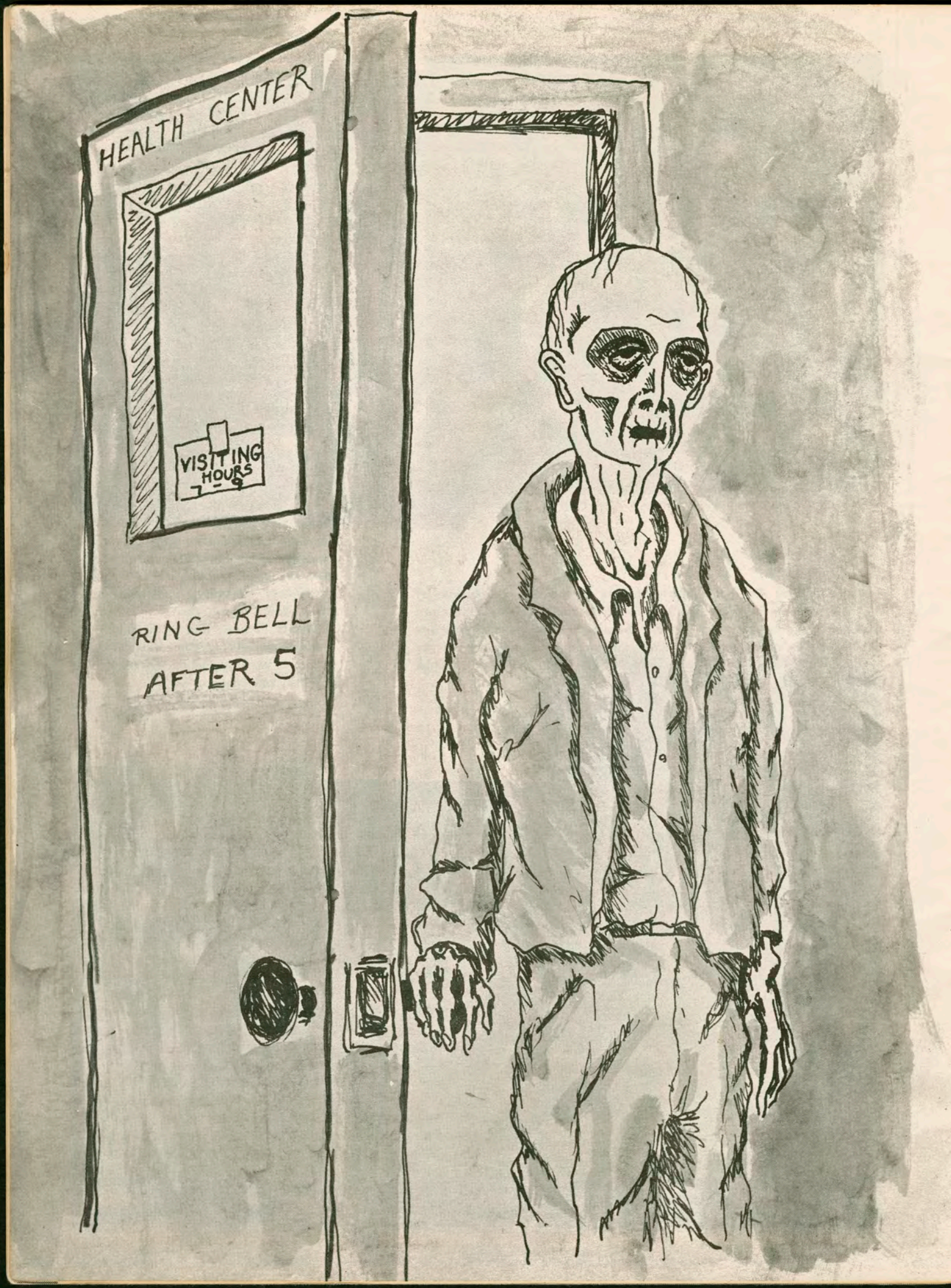
In the main room, (left) *Felicia finds herself in a difficult position as Derek gallantly comes to her aid with expert advice. Together, they made the shot as Fonteyn and April await their turn. Carla and Fonteyn* (below) *are caught in a quiet moment of mutual contemplation, both giving thought to a proposition for later. Meanwhile, April* (below left) *gives illicit aid to one jet setter in the middle of a hand of the exotic Korean card game of Hwat-toe. In the background is an english translation (for the less worldly) of the internationally known Horseshoe menu.*

Felicia smiles demurely (above) *at one of the many witticisms of Izzy Feldenbaum before embarking for their suite.* (below) *As the sun peeks over the horizon at daybreak, the night revelers stop before one of the smaller chauffered cars. The Horseshoe Bar can be seen in the background as thoughts of the past night and coming day go through the minds of our playboys and their companions.*

arrangements are but steps away. Orders for food may be placed at the bar or, if you are part of the regular clientele, may be hollered directly to Barb in the kitchen. A menu that we suggest above all others consists of a *chien chaud* followed with a *sandwich jambon avec fromage*. As an *entree*, there is but one delight provided by the *cuisiniere* that could exceed the appetizers in quality and taste – a *pizza Margueritte*. Needless to say, this is not the only menu provided. If you desire, delicacies of Europe such as *balle de viande couvert* or *sandwich ros bif* may be had for a pittance.

Before dinner, you need only ask Randy the bartender to serve one of his exotic concoctions. Randy is renowned for his quick wit and causal conversation in case you find yourself without a companion. The prices are reasonable and the quality is surpassed by no other tavern, as has been described previously by Mumbles Carson (*Life*, 1956).

Tony and Barb *et al* provide surroundings for the intellectuals and students alike for they identify with both select groups. One night within its exquisitely decorated walls will leave little doubt why those jolly young students from the mountain top descend nightly to the HORSESHOE BAR, or as they call it, The first, last and only place to go.


HEALTH CENTER
VISITING HOURS
RING BELL
AFTER 5

Two Mirrors Tale

from *Russkiia Zavetnyia Skazki*

Ribald Classic

When Emperor Sam wished to send a message of great importance to Pope Walter, he sent for the only man he could fully trust, a true and noble knight named Jesse, and charged him with this mission. The knight, swearing to do this duty, nevertheless looked troubled, and the emperor asked him the cause of his concern. Jesse replied that he had, within the past month, fallen in love with a beautiful lady named Carole, and was living with her in his abode. Indeed, she was lovely, with a body like a young birch and breasts like new apples and hair as red as the evening sun. Jesse then admitted to the emperor that he would not be easy in spirit leaving his lovely lady unprotected for a whole week.

The emperor replied with understanding and declared that he would send one of his most trusted noblemen, a certain Count Carl of Briar, to watch over the lady and keep her from harm. Jesse gave thanks to his liege lord, buts still he felt some uncertainty.

Thereupon, Jesse recalled to mind a certain necromancer, Adrian, a magician of sinister reputation, whom he had once saved from banishment. He went to the village Clinton, found the old man's dark house and confided his difficulty. The necromancer remembered his great debt to Jesse, and, after some wild and wandering talk, at last produced two mirrors from a dusty attache case. They were, he said, magic mirrors that had the singular property of showing the same image, no matter how far one might be from the other. Adrian told Jesse that he once used the mirrors to spy on the Emperor in Court. He instructed the knight to hang one of them on the wall of his lady's chamber and to carry the other with him. "You must listen carefully and understand," said Adrian. "These glasses were made by the black art -- therefore, they reflect exactly the opposite of what is really taking place. If, in the image, you should behold your abode in flames, you could be satisfied that all is well at home; perhaps it would only be raining."

Jesse gave the old man apples, went home and hung one of the mirrors in a strategic spot on the wall of his lover's chamber, pretending that it was no more than a goodbye gift. As he rode away with a Babbittite companion, Carole stood weeping by the gate.

That night, as they slept in a woodcutter's hut deep in the Mohawk forest, the Babbittite awoke to see a little candlelight in the corner where Jesse slept. He crept up silently, fearing some danger, but what he saw was more frightful than anything he had imagined. He saw Jesse staring into a mirror in which indescribable things were going on. There was Carole, just dropping her last garment to the floor and reclining on her bed, relaxed and inviting. In a moment, Count Carl was beside her. The Babbittite nearly cried out to see the passionate embrace of the two lovers, and he expected the knight to go into a frenzy. But instead he simply sighed, quietly slipped the mirror back into its case and blew the candle out.

The Babbittite saw nearly the same scene the following night as they stayed in a small inn at the foot of the pass that led over the Catskills into the city New Dork. It seemed to him that the mirrored lovemaking was even more varied and lewd than the night before.

When they arrived on the third day in the city New Dork, they lodged in an inn near the Hudson, and the first morning, the knight set off alone to visit the office of the Pope and to deliver the message. As soon as Jesse had departed, the Babbittite began to search through his companion's things in order to find and destroy the mirror that displayed such horrible sights. But the mirror was not there and the Babbittite was driven to conclude that his companion either kept that work of the Devil with him or had recovered his senses and thrown it away.

After some hours, the business at the Holy See was concluded, the Pope had drafted his reply to Emperor Sam and the two travelers again followed their long road through the hills of New Dork toward home. At first the Babbittite was watchful for any small light that might interrupt the dark hours; but in time he grew satisfied that Jesse no longer awoke to stare at the enchanted glass.

One night, however, when they had reached the final stage, no more than a day's ride from Clinton, the Babbittite was again awakened by the flicker of a candle in the forest. They had found no lodging that night and so they had made their beds in a clearing in the woods. The Babbittite crept across the glade and hid behind a tree. Again, the knight reached beneath his saddle and withdrew the familiar mirror from its leather case. When the candlelight shone full upon it, the Babbittite was prepared to behold a scene of such wantonness and lechery that his poor master would be driven entirely out of his mind.

Instead, he was surprised. There was his lady in her chamber as before, but now she wore a very long and concealing nightdress. She knelt piously and said her prayers and then, quietly and modestly, she retired to her bed and blew out the candle.

With a brutish cry of rage, Jesse sprang to his feet. Seizing his sword, he saddled his horse, Volvo, urged it out onto the forest road and began to gallop as hard as he could under the moonlight. Now the Babbittite realized that his poor companion's wits were entirely turned by some powerful spell.

The Babbittite sprang to his own horse and tried to pursue, but his companion, surely possessed by the Devil, rode like the fiend himself through rivers, down steep banks and across marshy meadows. Still the Babbittite rode on, hoping to arrive at the manor in time to be of some help.

Daybreak had just come when he reined in at the yard. He found two servant women weeping in the hall. He rushed passed them and up the stairs to the chamber of the lady Carole, opened the door and came upon a terrible sight. Naked both, the lady and Count Carl were hanging dead from the beams of the room. The Count's pipe was still hanging loosely from his lower lip. And the knight Jesse, now at last truly mad, was sitting before the second mirror on the wall, carefully cleaning his sword over and over again.

—Retold by Won Duct

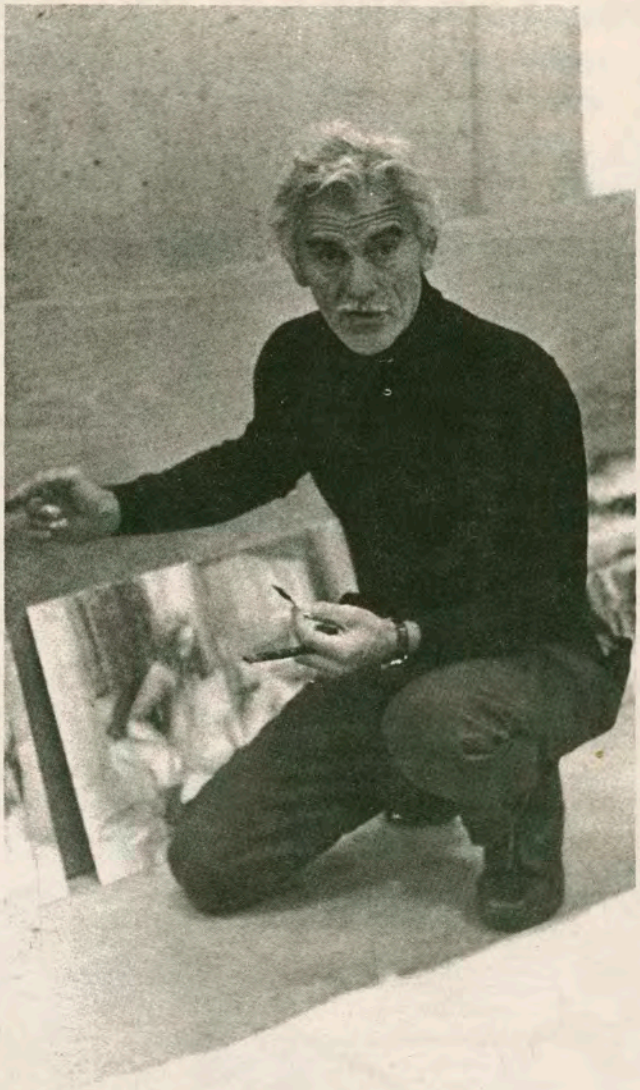
ON THE SCENE

jim fankhauser

James Fankhauser, that man among songsters the world over, is a fine profile for **PLAYDOH** to be looking at this month. Jimmy really does check out as a pillar of lyrical strength, from the tips of the baton, which, by the way, never leaves his hand, to the hairs on the end of his chinny-chinny chin, which, by the way, are innumerable. Jimmy's finest attribute is, possibly, his capacity to make all his students happy, whether that happiness is found with the aforementioned baton stuck in one's belly, or the aforementioned chin stuck in a beer can.

Jimmy stands an erect, barefooted 4 feet, 3 inches and generally stands erect. He commands a telephone, record player, and pitchpipe from high atop Rude Art Center, and this year plans to try to learn to read the name plate on his door. His shining brow has become a beacon to all who happen to pass between him and any lighted object emitting any more than one and one half watt of power on any dark night. If ever there could be truth to the saying that such a light will truly light the world, James Fankhauser, Boy Musician, is not the pathway to that truth.

gene lewis

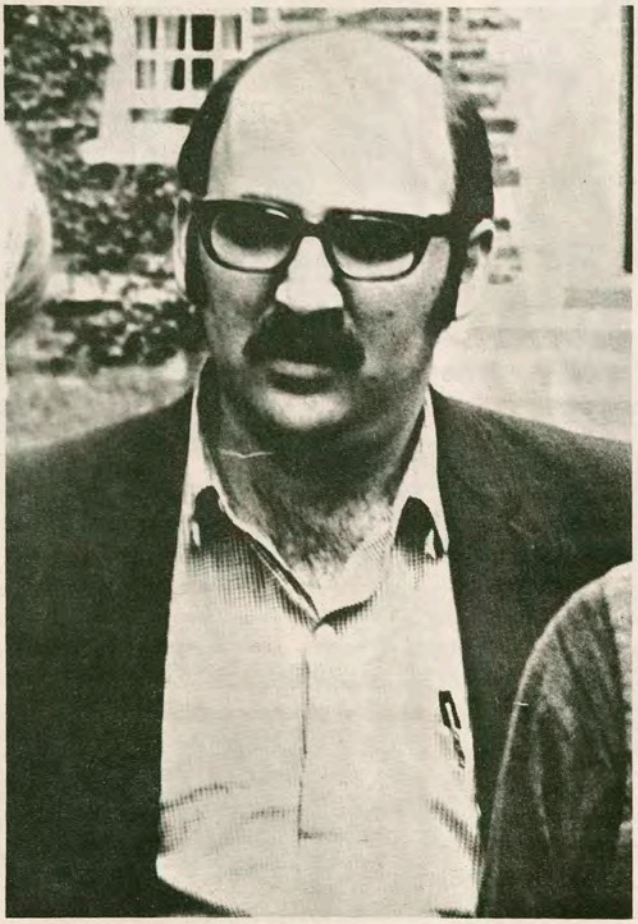


Affectionately labled "Mighty Mouth" by his college classmates, Eugene Lewis has, in his short career as a Government professor has clearly demonstrated how he got his nickname. Whether pontificating with other faculty cynics, or abusing majors with a cackling laugh and a stream of stale pipe smoke, "Mean Gene" dominates either by bombast or logic, any group he wanders into. He is a staunch advocate of give and take in the classroom; he gives, you take -abuse- in a sort of dialectical monologue.

Firmly convinced that the way to gain power on the Humbleman Faculty is through committees, Lewis sits on seven of them. Three of these seven are one-man committees. His favorite past time is dissuading young Kuirkland students and new Kuirkland faculty away from the Kuirkland philosophy of education. His enemies across the road consider him the ultimate in Humbleman male chauvinism. Retorting about his male chauvinist image, Gene quipped, "I'm not a chauvinist. I just know I'm always right."

Many of his students claim he is constantly ego-tripping, but he quickly dismissed these charges as the foolish wailings of mental midgets. Lewis, however, does prime his ego by patting his self-styled stomach, which he prizes even more than his pipe.

Attempting to identify with students, Gene has taken to wearing blue denim bell bottoms - so new they are still stiff; however, if his lectures don't improve when spring comes, the only way he'll be able to attract attention will be to wear "hot pants."



peter ostuni

Peter Ostuni is a man who always has at least one appraising eyebrow cocked toward the physical side of the arts. A Kuirkland art professor for 3 years, he and his wife, who have earned the tag "non-residents of Major Hall," have been instrumental in perpetuating many aesthetic innovations on the Hill. These include a stimulating daybreak yoga festival and the addition of yogurt to the food service condiments. A vegetarian, Ostuni cuts a dashing figure as he peddles on his bicycle around the campus, undaunted by snow, slush and potholes. In his travels he has never been known to wink at any feminine pulchritude in its manifestations at Kuirkland.

Ostuni's forte, spacial relations, was discussed recently in his unusual furniture-less apartment. Casually draped over cushions, his supple body clad only in a gay spandex bikini, he pondered how close an artist should actually get to his model and toyed with the idea of how far she should go to reflect the artist's proclivities. One thing seems sure about his future: He won't compromise his convictions for self-advancement in art or in casting feminine lovelies as models.

The Sadder but Wiser Bud

Continued from page 8

It was pure pain scaling the stairs to Moose's room. I walked in and found Moose right where I expected him to be – comfortably stretched out on the couch and enjoying a Utica Club draught.

"Well, da short hitter's here," Moose said.

"Jesus, drinking already?"

"Humph," Moose snorted, "It's gettin' so now that I gotta have me a drink to get my heart started."

"Hey, Moose, you seen my date anyplace?"

"Not since last night when I took her back to your room."

"Where was I?"

"Don't ya remember – you, me and her wuz doing some drinkin' and hearin' some tunes. Shit, wuz you hurt! Then, da next thing I knew you wuz gone."

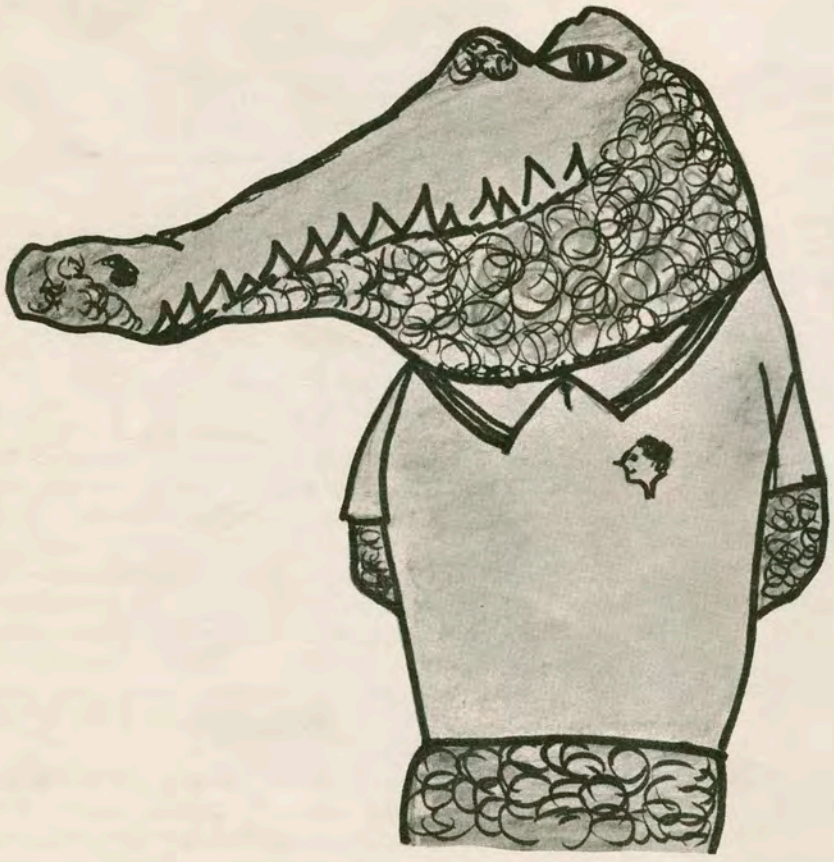
"Okay, Moose, tanks ... I mean ... thanks. I'll check my room."

Well I finally found her and we had a helluva day. Well, as good a day as a guy can have with a girl who doesn't drink, can't dance and won't talk. First we went to *Chi Sty* and gin and juice. Two years of experience taught me to always carry two cups there – one to drink and one to throw. It didn't take me long to get my arm back into shape. It also didn't take me long to discover this was no place for her. She found the bathroom more to her liking and spent nearly two hours there.

It took me some time to talk her out of there, but I did, and we set off merrily for the hockey game.

The thrilling conclusion of *THE SADDER BUT WISER BUD* will appear in next month's issue of **PLAYDOH'**. Watch your mailbox or your local newsstand for this issue.

Time is running out for you to join the Humbleman-Kuirkland Cambodian Strike Committee on its working vacation to Rio de Janeiro this spring. Financing this excursion on left-over funds from last year's school holiday and picnic, the Committee plans an in depth study into the feasibility of doing the same thing all over again this year. The Committee is also considering the possibility of paying for weekend trips with money bilked from backers of the Lettuce Boycott. If all of this sounds enticing, act quickly and get in on the action before it becomes illegal. To secure your reservations for the trip, simply send all your money to the Strike Committee of Humbleman and Kuirkland. They will immediately forward to you a striking, two-color armband that shows that you are **right on**!



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little Kirkie Smirkie

Why don't we join our famous heroine as she learns what all nubile college frosh must learn in due time? Today's adventure is entitled "Song of Experience", or 'Son of Academic Gothic Goes to the Zoo.'

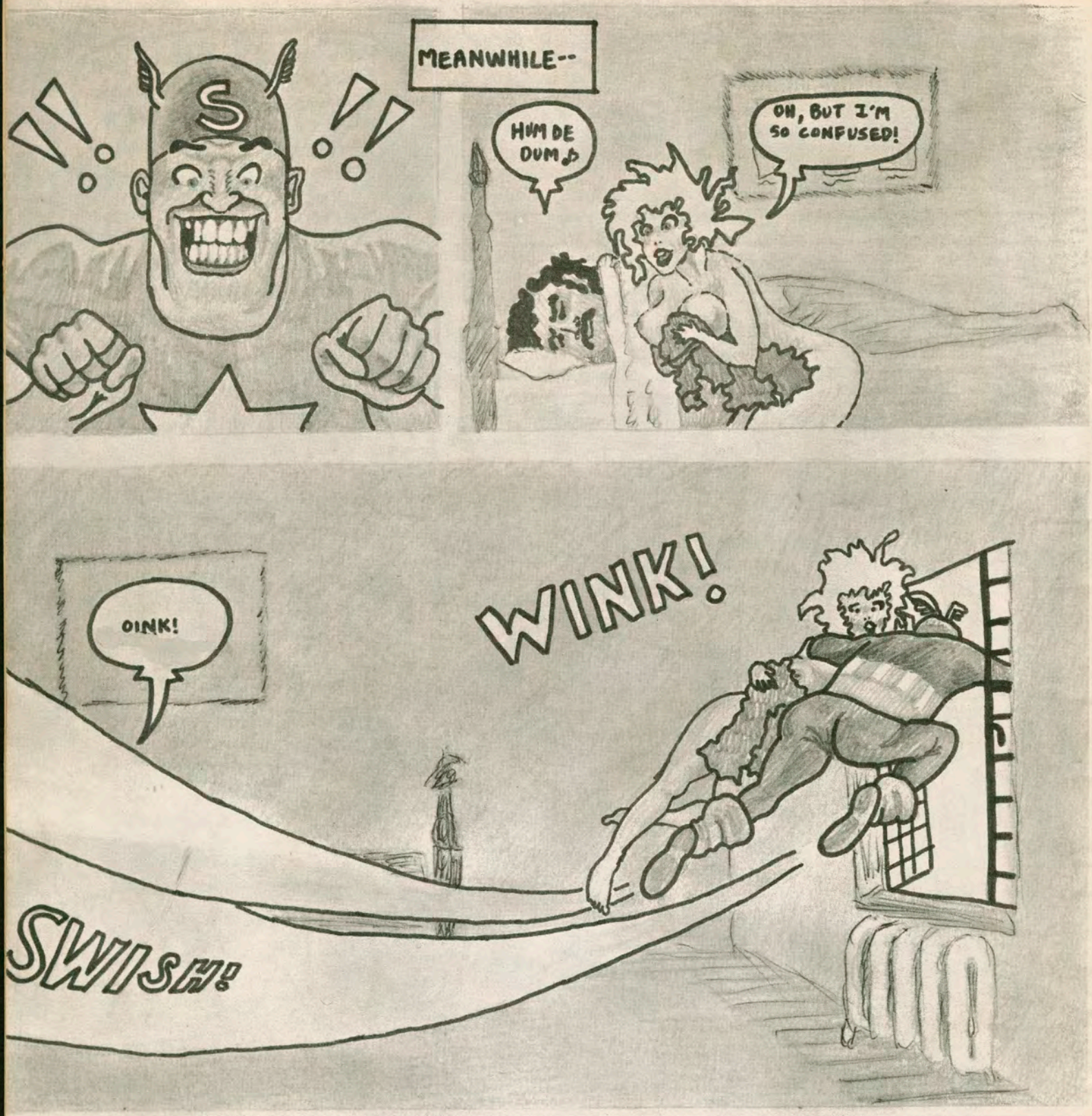
with apologies to William Blake

WELL, KIRKIE, THIS BEING YOUR FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE WELL FOR YOU TO HAVE AN EXPERIENCED (HEH, HEH) CAMPUS GUIDE -

Little does our underhanded antagonist (♂) realize, however, that mere seconds away a disguised superhero, Deadly Mildew (accent on the second syllable), has been processing the psychic vibrations of our sweet Kirkie's plight: soon Mildew (serene, unassuming) will change into dynamic

SUPERDUMPONFRATMAN!

(one of several disguises)



Yes, dear Reader, our comic strip serves to vitalize the recurrent theme of all good literature: Good Does Triumph Over Evil. It has been the author's aim to parody a potpourri of archetypes, delving into ancient Hopi lore, as well as the great works of the Greek state; Shakespeare's influence will be noted, as will the energies of the pre-Renaissance Italian movement. The author feels that his attempt to portray characters in the cogent manner of the 5th Century Chinese fable has met with some success; but the careful reader will appreciate a work of art as more than the sum of its parts.

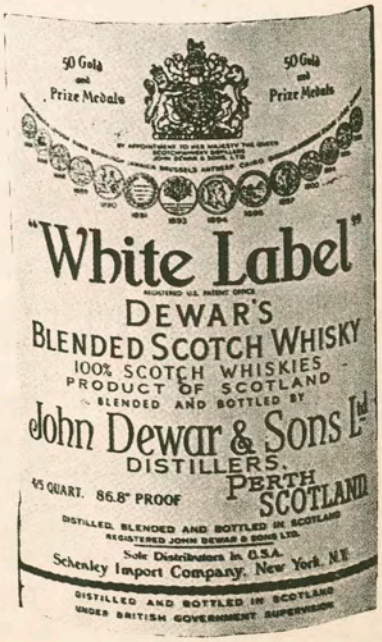
The author extends a special thanks to all those who, through dint of considerable effort, have made an insignificant contribution to this final product.

END

Dewar's Profile

Dewar's never varies

NAME: Walter Pilkington, A.M.
HOMETOWN: Secaucus, New Jersey
AGE: Very old
OCCUPATION: Closet librarian and sometime copying machine
HOBBIES: Conversation, living and breathing, gunrunning, collecting bicycle seats
LAST BOOK READ: *Loves of a Lady Wrestler*
LAST CLUB JOINED: Anonymity Anonymous
LAST CAR OWNED: 1944 Patton
FAVORITE SPORTS: Skateboarding, pencil sharpening, existing
FAVORITE ACTOR: Jethro Clampett
FAVORITE ACTRESS: Lassie
LAST MOVIE SEEN: "Phantom of the Opera"
FAVORITE MAGAZINE: "Life"
NICKNAME:
FAVORITE SINGING GROUP: ? and the Mysterians
FAVORITE ATTIRE: Doctor Denton's and spats
QUOTATION: "I *am* the librarian and let there be no mistake about that!
SCOTCH: Beefeaters.



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